Measure for Measure

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WITH

THE HISTORIE OF PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

THE HISTORIE OF PROMOS AND CASSANDRA

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE was no early quarto of *Measure for Measure*. The play was not printed before it appeared in the first folio of 1623. It has been inferred from two passages in the play that it was written at the beginning of the reign of James I. Steevens quoted a passage from a "True Narration of the Entertainment of the King in his Progress from Edinburgh to London," printed in 1603, which says that "he was faine to publish an inhibition against the inordinate and dayly accesse of people comming." Shakespeare refers twice in this play to a Sovereign's avoidance of a press of people. In the First Scene of the First Act the Duke says :—

> "I'll privily away : I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause, and Aves vehement :
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
> That does affect it."

In the Fourth Scene of the Second Act the allusion seems to be still more definite :—

> "And even so,
> The general, subject to a well-wished king,
> Suit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence."

The inference of date is not unreasonable, and we may accept the general opinion that *Measure for Measure* was produced in 1603 or 1604.

It is founded on a story in the Hecatommithi or Hundred Novels of Giovanbattista Giraldi Cinthio, where it is the fifth novel of the eighth set of ten. Here the Sovereign is the Emperor Maximian, who ruled wisely and entrusted to his Ministers the government of states; and to one, Juriste, who was very dear to him, he entrusted the government of Innsbruck, with command that he was to be inviolably just. All slips would be forgiven, but there would be no pardon for injustice. Then Juriste condemned to death a youth named Vico, under conditions like those which lead in Shakespeare's play to the condemnation of Claudio.

Vico's sister Epitia pleads for him as Claudio's sister Isabella pleads — yields to the unjust governor, as Isabella does not yield, on condition that he will marry her and save her brother's life. Both promises are broken. Vico is on the same night executed in prison by Juriste's order, and his head is sent to Epitia. Epitia goes in her grief to the Emperor Maximian. Juriste is condemned to execution after marriage with Epitia. But after marriage the wife pleads for him, and Maximian cannot deny the prayer of the woman who forgave so much; then Juriste loves her dearly throughout all the days of the life he owes to her.

Upon the lines of this novel George Whetstone built, with changes of name and place, and interweaving of episode, a play of *Promos and Cassandra*, with incidents arranged to form two plays, each of five acts. This work belongs to the first years of the English drama, when plays were acted in inn-yards or hired rooms, and only two years after a theatre was first built. George Whetstone was a poet in good repute when he printed the two parts of his "Right excellent and famous

Historye of Promos and Cassandra," in 1578. Four years afterwards, in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses" (1582), Whetstone told the story again as a prose novel, and joined to it, as a marginal note, the statement that "this Historie, for rarenes thereof, is lively set out in a Comedie by the Reporter of the whole worke, but yet never presented upon stage."

Upon this unacted play of *Promos and Cassandra* Shakespeare founded his *Measure for Measure*, with some very significant changes in the story. *Promos and Cassandra* will be found as an appendix to this volume, with brief indication of the matter in scenes that do not belong to the main story, but giving all the scenes that would have most interest for a student of Shakespeare. It will be observed that Whetstone, whose intention is entirely moral, sets the story among subordinate characters, who represent at large the licence and corruption of the times. Shakespeare saw the artistic use of this, and summed it all up in his characters of Mistress Overdone, her servant Pompey (another Rosko), and the empty-headed

trifler, Lucio, who represents in light but firm touches the fashionable form of "simple Pleasure foraging for Death."

In other respects the recasting of the story is thoroughly Shakespearean. No gross stain is allowed upon the sister's character. She is elevated into one devoted to God's altar, about to take vows of celibacy, incapable of taking stain. Before she tells her brother in what way she has been asked to save him, there are touches of womanly dread on his behalf, lest he should be tempted to ask of her the sacrifice, and when the temptation grows upon him with the dread of death, the very soul of a true womanhood flashes out against him. Shakespeare invents the character which has moved Tennyson to sing of Mariana in the Moated Grange, and shapes his tale to the last in the spirit of love, justice, and mercy. In Cinthio's novel the condemned brother is really executed in the prison. In Whetstone's version he is supposed to have been so executed, but a felon's head has been sent in place of his. In Shakespeare, not only is there no execution at all—the head sent being that of a

pirate who had died of fever in the prison—but a hardened murderer who has been long in prison, whose brutalised nature is distinctly shown, has been proposed as one who can be executed, and he is spared because he is not fit to die. Again, it is Shakespeare's own device to keep his Duke upon the scene, going to and fro as a good genius, thus taking away from the tragic incidents every suggestion that there may be an unhappy end. With tragic movement, and with an executioner among the characters, the play is so continued that not only is nobody killed, (Lucio indeed reaps what he has sown) but nobody is permanently wronged. The whole atmosphere is, at the close, of pardon and of kindly consideration, that even reaches to the brutish Barnardine.

And Angelo, who had been self-righteous, deeply repentant at the close, is taught his lesson, the sacred lesson of the play:—"Judge not, that ye be not judged: for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." To these words of Christ, which are at the heart of Shake-

speare's *Measure for Measure,* there may be joined those words of St. Paul, which follow his contrast between works of the Flesh and fruits of the Spirit :—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness : considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."

H. M.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *the Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *joined with Angelo in the Government.*
CLAUDIO.
LUCIO.
Two other Gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } *Friars.*
PETER, }
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, *a Constable.*
FROTH.
POMPEY, *Servant to Mistress Overdone.*
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a Prisoner.*
ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*
Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE.—VIENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord?

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enrichéd any
That we remember. There is our commission,
[*Giving it.*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us, Angelo.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour.
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touched,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise;
Hold, therefore, Angelo:—
[*Tendering his commission.*
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:—
Take thy commission. [*Giving it.*

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon 't.

Duke. No more evasion : we
Have with a leavened and preparéd choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand :
I 'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and Aves vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place;
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* "Thou shalt not steal?"

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the list and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good

velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

1 *Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dolours a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error,—I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

1 *Gent.* How now! Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know, 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head 's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and Gentlemen.*

Mrs. Ov. Thus: what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now? what 's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well: what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what 's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No; but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! what shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The sword of Heaven ;—on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so : yet still 't is just.

Enter Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio ? whence comes this restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty :
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors : and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What 's thy offence, Claudio ?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is it murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good. Is lechery so looked after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in ;—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolléd penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me :—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service :—
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation :
Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him :
I have great hope in that ; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours—

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Monastery.

Enter Duke *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keep
I have delivered to Lord Angelo—

A man of stricture and firm abstinence—
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I 've strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your scorn.

Lucio. 'T is true.
I would not, though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth
'T is thus:—

Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, e'en so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He--to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope 's gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that 's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas, what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily

Isab. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *and a Justice; Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Let but your honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what knows the law
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see 't; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be 't as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice and answer none,
And some condemnéd for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW *and Officers, with* FROTH *and* POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name, and what 's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do

lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well

as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*To* ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing — saving your honour's reverence — for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right:—but to the point. As I say,

this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Pom. Why, very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well then,—

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into

Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-Hallownd eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.] Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's

face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet! The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What 's your name, master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it

in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in

requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel.—[*Aside.*] But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters.

As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit* ELBOW.

What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe,
But yet,—poor Claudio!—There 's no remedy.—
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Serv.*] I 'll know
His pleasure; may be, he 'll relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place
And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemned,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* Isab.] You 're welcome: what 's your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what 's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault
And not my brother.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault 's condemned ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the fault, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He 's sentenced: 't is too late.
Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] You are too cold.
Isab. Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great one 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new-made!

Ang. Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him:—he must die tomorrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If that the first that did the edict infringe
Had answered for his deed: now, 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,—
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,—
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he that suffers. O ! 't is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful Heaven !
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the soft myrtle ; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench ! He will relent :
He 's coming ; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven, she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
Great men may jest with saints ; 't is wit in them,

But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Thou 'rt in the right, girl : more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Art avised o' that? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom ;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with 't. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I 'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How, bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] You had marred all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise,—prayers from preservéd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Go to; 't is well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* Lucio, Isabella, *and Provost.*

Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,

That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. —Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, *disguised as a Friar, and Provost.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost!—so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blessed order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenced,—a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to morrow.—

[*To* JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wronged you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven,
Showing, we would not spare Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Juliet. Grace go with you!
Duke. Benedicite! [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown seared and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!—Blood, thou still art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*

O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wished king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence.

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! 'T were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put metal in restrainéd means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stained?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do 't, at peril of your soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear 't! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself :
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I 've been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so ?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant ;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother

A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed this weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we 're made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold:—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well expressed

By all external warrants,—show it now
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for 't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler that it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched throat I 'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,

That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for, redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,

Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, *as a Friar*, Claudio, *and Provost.*

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly inflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou 'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessèd youth
Becomes as agèd and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou 'rt old and rich,
Thou 'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, signior; here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
Concealed.

Exeunt DUKE *and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as
All comforts are; most good, most good, indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy —
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew

As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamèd life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair!
For such a warpéd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, —
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by-and-by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [*Aside to* CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell.

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Provost, a word with you.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself

believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to him by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake: and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time

may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all:—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter, on one side, the DUKE, *as Friar; on the other,* ELBOW *and Officers, with* POMPEY.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live:
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here 's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship, will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt* ELBOW, *and Officers with* POMPEY.] What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of

Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative, that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon; 't is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return —as our prayers are he may—let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why! for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, *Provost, and Officers, with Mistress* OVERDONE.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all

charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Masking, practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothéd, but despised:
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Room in Mariana's House.

Mariana *discovered sitting; a Boy singing*

Song.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke, *disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe

Duke. 'T is good: though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planchéd gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key;
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possessed him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and oft have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'T is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir: leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time

out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir! fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my

occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd, —he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Pompey *and* Abhorson.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.]
By-and-by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.—

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mealed with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he 's just.—[*Knocking within.*]
Now are they come.— [*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeléd gaoler is the friend of men.
[*Knocking within.*
How now? What noise? That spirit 's possessed with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. [*speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay, until the officer

Arise to let him in; he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge,—that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.—Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you, Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed: with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*—What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed

him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me;

but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo! I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and trim the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint

whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance, of the duke's death, perchance, entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the

unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another Room in the Same.

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow,

and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE, *disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and, therefore, I beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O gravel heart!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* POMPEY.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on

Prefixed by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The provost, he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damnéd Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say to you, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his cónfessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours,
I 'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combinéd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even, friar: where 's the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforced
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no:
For my authority bears a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonoured life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right,—we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke, *in his own habit, and Friar* Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. Pet. It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I 'm advised to do it,
He says, to 'vailful purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace, the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

Fri. Pet. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA, *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and Friar* PETER, *behind. Enter on one side, the* DUKE, *in his own habit*, VARRIUS, *Lords; from the other*, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *Provost, Officers and Citizens, at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We 've made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:—
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

Fri. Pet. Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wronged, I 'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak,
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'T is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace.

I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wished to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then:
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself: take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed, and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelievéd go!
Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him: 't is a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,

I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,

A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. Pet. Blessed be your royal grace!

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman

Most wrongfully accused your substitute,

Who is as free from touch or soil with her,

As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that Friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

Fri. Pet. I know him for a man divine and holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,

As he 's reported by this gentleman;

And, on my trust, a man that never yet

Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.

Fri. Pet. Well; he in time may come to clear himself,

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,

Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,

Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disprovéd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I 'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiséd proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixéd here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touched. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That 's sealed in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. Pet. 'Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you
But stir not you, till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit.* DUKE.]—Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in

nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA.

Escal. [*To* ISAB.] Come on, mistress. Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter DUKE, *disguised as a Friar, and Provost.*

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls!
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar,
Is 't not enough, thou hast suborned these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice!—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—we'll touse you joint by joint,
But we will know your purpose.—What, unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state!—Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your

voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would gloze now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—Away with him to prison. Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hand on the* DUKE.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh!

sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour. Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—

[*To* LUCIO.] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To* ESCAL.] What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.

We 'll borrow place of him.—[*To* ANG.] Sir, by your leave:

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive your grace, like power divine,

Hath looked upon my passes. Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,

But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER, *and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advértising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel, why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained my purpose: but now peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER, *and Provost.*

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—
The very mercy of the law cries out

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him.

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mocked you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him: we are definite.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death.—[*To* Lucio.] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part:
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned,
As if my brother lived. I partly think,
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me, after more advice;
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go fetch him hither: let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *muffled, and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemned;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him:

I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow 's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.

Duke. [*To* ISAB.] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Then is he pardoned; and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe:
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.—
[*To* LUCIO.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so deservéd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may;

but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman 's wronged by this lewd fellow—
As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child—let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.

Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

THE HISTORIE OF PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

THE HISTORIE OF PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

By George Whetstone.

ACTUS I., SCENA I.

Promos, Mayor, Shiriffe, Sworde-bearer: *One with a bunche of keys:* Phallax, Promos *man.*

You officers which now in Julio staye,
Know you our leadge, the King of Hungarie,
Sent me Promos, to joyne with you in sway,
That styll we may to Justice have an eye.
And now to show my rule and power at lardge
Attentivelie, his Letters Pattents heare:
Phallax, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phal. As you commaunde, I wyl: give heedefull care.

[Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which must be fayre written in parchment, with some great counterfeat zeale.*

Pro. Loe, here you see what is our Soveraignes wyl,
Loe, heare his wish, that right, not might beare swaye;
Loe, heare his care, to weed from good the yll,
To scoorge the wights, good Lawes that disobay.
Such zeale he beares unto the Common weale,
(How so he byds, the ignoraunt to saue)
As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele:
Such is his wish, such is my wyll to have;
And such a Judge, here Promos vowes to be,
No wylfull wrong, sharpe punishment shall mysse;
The simple thrall, shalbe judgde with mercie,
Each shall be doombde, even as his merite is.
Love shall not staye, nor hate revenge procure,
Ne yet shall Coyne, corrupt or foster wrong:
I doo protest, whylste that my charge indure,
For friende nor foe, to singe a partiall song.

Thus have you heard, howe my Commission goes,
He absent, I present our Soveraigne styll :
It aunsweres then, each one his dutie showes,
To mee, as him, what I commaunde and wyll.
May. Worthy Deputie, at thy chardge we joye,
We doo submitte our selves to worke thy heast :
Receive the sword of Justice to destroy
The wicked impes, and to defend the rest.
Shir. Our Citty keyes take wisht Liftenaunt heare,
We doe committe our safetie to thy head :
Thy wyse foresight, will keepe us voyde of feare,
Yet wyll we be assistant still at neede.
Pro. Both Sworde and Keies, unto my Princes use
I doo receyve and gladlie take my chardge.
It resteth nowe, for to reforme abuse,
We poynt a tyme, of Councell more at lardge,
To treate of which, a whyle we will depart.
All speake. To worke your wyll, we yeelde a wylling hart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

LAMIA, *a Curtizane, entreth synging.*

SCENA III.

ROSKO (LAMIA'S *man*) LAMIA.

Ros. Good people, did none of you, my mistresse Lamia see?
Lam. Rosko, what newes, that in such hast you come blowing?
Ros. Mistresse you must shut up your shops, and leave your occupying.
Lam. What so they be, foolish knave, tell mee true?
Ros. Oh yll, for thirtie, besydes you.
Lam. For mee good fellow, I pray thee why so?
Ros. Be patient Mistresse and you shall knowe
Lam. Go too, say on.
Ros. Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was,
And thirtie must to *Trussum corde* go.
Among the which (I weep to showe) alas!
Lam. Why, whats the matter man?

Ros. O Andrugio,
For loving too kindlie, must loose his heade,
And his sweete hart, must weare the shamefull weedes,
Ordainde for Dames, that fall through fleshly deedes.
Lam. Is this offence, in question come againe?
Tell, tell, no more, 'tys tyme this tale were done:
See, see, howe soone my triumphe turnes to paine.
[And so forth. Lamia talks of repentance, but hurries to her old business at a call from her maid.]

ACTUS II., SCENA I.

Cassandra.

Cas. Aye mee, unhappy wenche, that I must live the day
To see Andrugio tydess dye, my brother and my stay.
The only meane, God wot, that should our house aduaunce
Who in the hope of his good hap, must dy through wanton chance.
The lawe is so severe, in scourging fleshly sinne,
As marriage to worke after mends doth seldome favour win.
A lawe first made of zeale, but wrested much amis:
Faults should be measured by desart, but all is one in this:
The lecher fyerd with lust, is punishéd no more,
Then he which fel through force of love, whose mariage salves his sore;
So that poore I dispayre, of my Andrugios lyfe,
O would my dayes myght end with his, for to appease my stryfe.

SCENA II.

Andrugio *in Prison.* Cassandra.

And. My good Syster Cassandra?
Cas. Who calleth Cassandra?
And. Thy wofull brother Andrugio.
Cas. Andrugio, O dismall day, what greefes doe mee assayle?
Condempnéd wretch to see thee here fast fettered now in Iayle,

How haps thy wits were witchéd so, that knowing death was meede
Thou wouldest commit (to slay us both) this vile lascivious deede.
And. O good Cassandra, leave to check, and chide me thraule therfore,
If late repentaunce, wrought me helpe, I would doe so no more.
But out alas, I wretch, too late, doe sorrowe my amys
Unless Lord Promos graunt me grace, in vayne is had ywist.
Wherfore sweet sister, whilst in hope, my dampnéd life yet were,
Assault his hart, in my behalfe, with battering tyre of teares.
If thou by sute dost save my life, it both our joyes will be,
If not it may suffice thou soughtst to set thy brother free:
Wherfore spend to prorege my dayes, to-morrowe else I dye.
Cas. I wyll not fayle to pleade and praye, to purchase the mercye,
Farewell awhyle, God graunt me so well to speede.
And. Syster adew, tyl thy returne, I lyve, twixt hope, and dreede.
Cas. Oh happy tyme, see where Lord Promos coms.
Now tongue addresse thy selfe, my mind to wray:
And yet least haste worke waste, I hold it best,
In covert, for some advauntage, to stay.

SCENA III.

PROMOS *with the* SHRIEFE *and their Officers.*

Pro. 'Tis strange to thinke, what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this towne, by rapine, spoyle, and theft:
That were it, not that Justice oite them greeve
The just mans goods, by Ruffers should be reft.
At this our Syse are thirtye judgde to dye,
Whose falles I see, their fellowes smally feare:
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weedes, even by the roots to teare:
Wherfore Shriefe, execute with speedy pace

The dampnéd wights, to cutte of hope of Grace.
Shr. It shalbe done.
Cas. to herselfe. O cruell words they make my hart to bleede,
Now, now, I must this dome seeke to revoke,
Least grace come short, when starved is the steede.
She kneeling speakes to Promos. Most mighty Lord, and worthy Iudge, thy judgement sharpe abate,
Vaile thou thine ears, to heare the plaint, that wretched I relate,
Behold the wofull Syster heare, of poore Andrugio,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him show:
Way his yong yeares, the force of love, which forced his amis,
Way, way, that Marriage works amends, for what committed is.
He hath defilde no nuptiall bed, nor forcéd rape hath mov'd;
He fel through love, who never ment but wive the wight he lov'd.
And wantons sure, to keepe in awe, these statutes first were made,
Or none but lustfull leachers, should with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto, is farre from my pretence:
I sue with teares, to wyn him grace, that sorrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned Lord, Justice with pitie payse:
Which two in equall ballance waide, to heaven your fame will raise.
Pro. Cassandra leave of thy bootlesse sute, by law he hath been tride.
Lawe founde his faulte, Lawe judgde him death.
Cas. Yet this may be replide,
That lawe a mischiefe oft permits, to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest doomes, to keepe men styl in awe.
Yet Kings, or such as execute regall authoritie,
If mends be made, may over-rule the force of law with mercie.

Here is no wylful murder wrought, which axeth blood
againe;
Andrugios faulte may valued be, Marriage wipes out his
stayne.
Pro. Faire Dame, I see the naturall zeale thou bearest to
Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desart) this favour wyll I showe:
I wyll repryve him yet a whyle, and on the matter pawse;
To-morrowe you shall lycence have, afresh to pleade his
cause.
Shriefe execute my charge, but staye Andrugio,
Untill that you in this behalfe, more of my pleasure knowe.
Shr. I wyll performe your wyll.
Cas. O most worthy Magistrate, myselfe thy thrall
I binde,
Even for this lytle lightning hope, which at thy handes
I finde.
Now wyl I go and comfort him which hangs twixt death
and life. [*Exit.*
Pro. Happie is the man that injoyes the love of such a
wife.
I do protest, hir modest wordes, hath wrought in me
amaze.
Though she be faire, she is not deckt with garish shewes
for gaze;
Hir bewtee lures, hir lookes cut off, fond sues with chast
disdain;
O God I feele a sodaine change, that doth my freedome
chayne,
What didst thou say? fie Promos fie: of hir avoide the
thought,
And so I will; my other cares wyll cure what love hath
wrought.
Come awaye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

PHALLAX, PROMOS, OFFICERS, GRIPAX, *and* RAPAX, *Promoters.*

[Phallax and his followers are shown as seekers out of offence from which to make base profit; Phallax has won by flattery the trust of Promos.]

SCENA V.

PHALLAX. PROMOS.

[Promos tells of his love to Cassandra. Phallax abets.]

SCENA VI.

The HANGMAN, *with a greate many ropes abought his necke.*

The wynd is yl, blowes no mans gaine, for colde I neede not care,
Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparrell for my share:
And some berlady very good, for so standeth the case,
As neyther gentleman, nor other Lord, Promos sheweth Grace.
But I marvell much poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
They were wont to stay a day or two, now scarce an after noone:
All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded sore,
Would cutters save, whose clothes are good, I never feard the poore.
Let me see, I must be dapper in this my facultie,
Here are new ropes, how are my knots? I faith syr, slippery.
At fast or loose, with my Giptian, I meane to have a cast;
Tenne to one I read his fortune by the Marymas fast.

Serg. Away, what a stur is this, to see men goe to hanging?

Hangman. Harke, God bwy ye, I must be gone, the prisners are a comming. [*Exit.*

SCENA VII.

Sixe prisoners bounde with cordes. Two Hacksters, *one* Woman, *one like a* Giptian, *the rest poore* Roges, *a* Preacher, *with other Offycers.*

They sing.

With harte and voyce to thee O Lorde,
At latter gaspe, for grace we crie:
Unto our sutes, goode God accorde,

Which thus appeale, to thy mercie.
Forsake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee, our sinnes confesse:
Forsake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee, our sinnes confesse.

First Hack. Al sorts of men beware by us, whom present death assaults;
Looke in your conscience what you find, and sorrow for your faults:
Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the fruites of pride:
I for my part deservéd death, long ere my theft was spide.
O careles youth, lead, lead awrie with everie pleasing toy,
Note well my words, they are of worth, that cause clouth my annoy.
Shun to be prankt, in peacocks plumes, for gaze which only are;
Hate, hate, the dyce even as the devill, of wanton Dames beware.
These, these, wer they, that suckt my weith, what folowed them in neede?
I was intist by lawles men on theevish spoyles to feede.
And nussed once in wicked deedes, I feard not to offende,
From bad to worse, and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
But oh presuming over much styll to escape in hope,
My faultes were found, and I adjudge, to totter in a rope:
To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of lawes.
For murder some, for theeverie some, and some for litle cause.

Second Hack. Beware deere friends of quarelling, thirst spoile of no mans breath;
Blood, axeth blood, I shedding blood, unfamelie catch my death.

A Woman. Maides and women, shun pride and sloth, the rootes of every vice,
My death ere long, wil shew their ends, God graunt it make you wise.

A Scoffing Catchpole. How now Giptian? Ail *a mort* knave, for want of company?

Be crustie man: the Hangman straight, wil reade Fortunes with thee.

The Preacher. With this thy scoffing speach, good friend offend him not,
His faults are scorged, thine scape (perhaps) that do deserve his lot.

A poore Roge. Jesus save me, I am cast for a purse, with three halfepence.

A Churlish Officer. Dispatch prating knave, and be hangd, that we were jogging hence.

They leysurablie depart synging. The Preacher whispering some one or other of the Prisoners styll in the eare.

They sing.

Our secrete thoughts, thou Christ dost knowe,
Whome the worlde, doth hate in thrall:
Yet hope we that, thou wilt not soe,
On whome alone, we thus do call.
Forsake us not, in this distresse,
Which unto thee, our sinnes confesse
Forsake us not, &c.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

PROMOS *alone.*

[Expresses his love for Cassandra.]

SCENA II.

CASSANDRA, PROMOS.

Cassandra speakes to herselfe.

Cas. I see two thralles, sweete seemes a lytle joye;
For fancies free, Andrugios breast hath scope;
But least detract, doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne, to happe his hope.
See, as I wisht, Lord Promos is in place;
Now in my sute, God graunt I maye finde grace.

[*She kneeling speaks to* PROMOS.

Renownéd Lorde, whylst life in me doth last,
In homage bondes, I binde myselfe to thee:
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
Yet once againe, on knees I mercie seeke:
In his behalfe, that hanges twene death and life,
Who styll is preast, if you the mendes do leeke,
His lawles love, to make his lawfull wife.

Pro. Faire dame, I wel have wayd thy sute, and wish to do thee good,
But all in vaine, al things conclude, to have thy brother's blood.
The strictnes of the law condempnes, an ignorannt abuse,
Then wylfull faultes are hardlie helpt, or cloked with excuse;
And what may be more wylfull, then a Maide to violate?

Cas. The force was smal, when with her wyl, he wretch the conquest gate.

Pro. Lawe ever at the worst, doth conster evyl intent.

Cas. And lawe even with the worst, awardes them punishment;
And sith that rigorous lawe adjudgd hym to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more, in showing him mercie.
The world wil think, how that you do, but graunt him grace on cause;
And where cause is, there mercy should abate the force of lawes.

Pro. Cassandra, in thy brothers halfe, thou hast saydo what may be;
And for thy sake, it is, if I doe set Andrugio free:
Short tale to make, thy beauty hath surpryscd mee with love,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts as blynd affections move.
And quite subdude by Cupids might, neede makes mee sue for grace
To thee Cassandra, which doest holde, my freedome in a lace.
Yeelde to my will, and then commaund, even what thou wilt of mee;
Thy brothers life, and all that else, may with thy liking gree.

Cas. And may it be, a Judge himself, the self same fault should use [*Cassandra to hirself.*
For which he domes an others death? O crime without excuse.
Renowned Lorde, you use this speech (I hope) your thrall to trye
If otherwise, my brothers life, so deare I will not bye.
Pro. Faire Dame my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a kaye.
Cas. If that you love (as so you saye) the force of love you know,
Which fealt, in conscience you should my brother favour show.
Pro. In doubtfull warre, one prisoner still, doth set another free.
Cas. What so warre seekes, love unto war, contrary is, you see.
Hate fostreth warre, love cannot hate, then maye it covet force.
Pro. The Lover ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse.
Then if he hap to have a helpe, to win his frowarde foe,
Too kindle a foole, I will him holde, that lets such vantage goe.
Cas. Well, to be short, my selfe wyll dye, ere I my honor stayne;
You know my minde, leave off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.
Pro. Bethink yourself, at price inough I purchase sweet your love;
Andrugios life suffis'd alone, your straungenes to remove;
The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll require:
Who buyeth love at such a rate, payes well for his desire.
Cas. No Promos, no; honor never at value maye be solde;
Honor farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde.
Pro. To buie this Juel at the full, my wife I may thee make.

Cas. For unsure hope, that peerceless pearle, I never will forsake.

Pro. These sutes seems strange at first I see, wher modesty beares sway; [*To himself.*

I therfor wil set down my wyll, and for hir answer staye.
Fayre Cassandra, the juel of my joye,
Howe so in showe, my tale seemes straunge to thee,
The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coye,
Yet for to give thee respite to agree,
I wyll two daies hope styll of thy consent,
Which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to prevent)
Unto my Court, some night, sweet wench repaire.
Tyl then adue; thou these my words in works perform'd shalt find.

Cas. Farewel my Lord, but in this sute you bootles wast your wind.

Cassandra, O most unhappy, subject to everie woe,
What tongue can tel, what thought conceive, what pen thy griefe can shew?
Whom to scurge, nature, heaven and earth do heapes of thral ordain,
Whose words in waste, whose works are lost, whose wishes are in vain.
That which to others comfort yeelds, doth cause my hevy cheer,
I meane my beautie breedes my bale, which many hold so deere.
I wouldе to God that kinde else where, bestowed had this blase,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives the gase.
This forme so Promos fiers with Love, as wisdom cannot quench
His hote desire, tyll he lust, in Venus seas hath drencht.

At these wordes Ganio must be readie to speake.

SCENA III.

GANIO, ANDRUGIOS *boye.* CASSANDRA.

Gan. Mistres Cassandra, my Master longs to heare of your good speed.

Cas. Poore Ganio, his death alas, fierce Fortune hath decreed.
Gan. His death: God forbyd all his hope should turn to such successe,
For Gods sake, go and comfort him, I sorrowe his distresse.
Cas. I needes must go, although with heavy cheere.
Gan. Sir, your syster Cassandra is here. [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

ANDRUGIO *out of prison.* CASSANDRA *on the stage.*

And. My Cassandra what newes, good sister showe.
Cas. All things conclude thy death, Andrugio:
Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vain.
And. My death, alas what raysed this new disdayne?
Cas. Not Justice zeale, in wicked Promos sure.
And. Sweete, show the cause, I must this doome indure.
Cas. If thou dost live, I must my honor lose.
Thy raunsome is, to Promos fleshly wyll
That I do yeelde: then which I rather chose
With torments sharp, my selfe he first should kyll.
Thus am I bent, thou seest thy death at hand,
O would my life, would satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then, would cancell soone thy band.
And. And may it be a Judge of his account,
Can spot his minde, with lawles love or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death,
When in such faute, he finds himselfe unjust?
Syster, that wise men love we often see,
And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne.
But who so loves, if he rejected be,
His passing love, to peevish hate will turne.
Deare sister then, note how my fortune stands,
That Promos love, the one is oft in use;
And sith he crave, this kindnesse, at your hands,
Thinke this, if you his pleasure do refuse,
I in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Peccavi.*
Here are two evyls, the best harde to digest,
But where as things are driven unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both evyls choose the least.
Cas. And of these evils, the least, I hold is death,

To shun whose dart, we can no meane devise,
Yet honor lyves, when death hath done his worst,
Thus fame then lyfe is of far more emprise.
And. Nay Cassandra, if thou thy selfe submyt,
To save my life, to Promos fleashly wyll,
Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,
For in forst faultes is no intent of yll.
Cas. How so th' intent is construed in offence,
The Proverbe saies, that tenne good turnes lye dead,
And one yll deede, tenne tymes beyonde pretence
By envious tonges, report abrode doth spread.
Andrugio so, my fame, shall vallewed bee,
Dispite wyll blase my crime, but not the cause:
And thus although I fayne would set the free,
Poore wench I feare, the grype of skaunder's pawes.
And. Nay sweete sister more skaunder would infame,
Your spotles lyfe, to reave your brothers breath,
When you have powre, for to enlarge the same,
Once in your handes, doth lye my lyfe, and death.
Way that I am, the selfe same flesh you are,
Thinke I once gone, our house will goe to wrack:
Knowe forced faultes, for skaunder needs not care:
Looke you for blame, if I quaile through your lack.
Consider well, my great extremitie,
If other wise, this doome I could revoke,
I would not spare, for any jeberdye
To free thee wench, from this same heavy yoke.
But ah I see, else, no way saves my life,
And yet his hope, may further thy consent.
He sayde he maye percase make thee his wife.
And t' is likelie, he cannot be content
With one nights joye: if love he after seekes,
And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe then be,
Before he lose thy selfe, that so he leekes,
No doubt but he, to marryage, wyll agree
Cas. And shall I sticke to stoupe, to Promos wyll,
Since my brother injoyeth life thereby?
No, although it doth my credit kyll,
Ere that he should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne, thy raunsome greate to paye,

Such care she hath, thy thraldome to releace:
As she consentes, her honor for to slay.
Farewell, I must, my virgins weedes forsake,
And lyke a page to Promos lewde repayre. [*Exit.*
And. My good sister to God I thee betake,
To whom I pray, that comforte change thy care.

SCENA V.

PHALLAX *alone.*

[Describes the condition of Promos.]

SCENA VI.

PHALLAX, GRIPAX, RAPAX, *a* BEDELL, *and one with a browne Byll, bring in* LAMIA, *and* ROSCO *hir man.*

[Lamia escapes the blue gown of penance by taking Phallax for lover.

SCENA VII.

CASSANDRA, *apparelled like a page.*

[On the way to Promos.]

ACTUS IV., SCENA I.

DALIA, LAMIA'S *Maide, going to market.*

[To buy good cheer for prosperous Lamia.]

SCENA II.

PROMOS *alone.*

[He has gained Cassandra.]

And yet ungainde, tyll I had given my trothe,
To marie hir, and that hir brother shoulde
Be free from death, all which I bounde with oathe:
It resteth nowe (unlesse I wrong hir much)
I keepe my vowe: and shall Andrugio lyve?
Such grace woulde mee with unindifferencie tuch,

To pardon him, that dyd commit a Rape.
To set him free, I to Cassandra sware;
But no man else, is privie to the same;
And rage of Love, for thousand oathes nvll spare,
More then are kept, when gotten is the game.
Well, what I sayde, then Lover like I sayde,
Nowe reason sayes, unto thy credite looke;
And having well, the circumstaunces wayde,
I find I must, unsweare the oathe I tooke.
But double wrong, I so should do Cassandra:
No force for that, my might, commaundeth right,
Hir previe maime, hir open eryes will staye;
Or if not so, my frowning will hir fright:
And thus shall rule, conceale my filthy deede.
Nowe foorthwith, I will to the Gayler sende
That secretelie Andrugio he behead,
Whose head he shall, with these same wordes commend

"*To Cassandra, as Promos promist thee,*
From prison loe, he sendes thy Brother free."

SCENA III.

CASSANDRA.

[Laments that she has yielded to Promos.]

Alas few wyll give forth I sinned, to save my brother's life;
But fayntly I through Promos othes, doo hope to be his wife.
For lovers feare not how they sweare, to wyn a Lady fayre,
And having wonne what they did wish, for othes nor Lady care.
But to be just or no, I joy Andrugio yet shall lyve,
But ah, I see a sight, that doth my hart asunder ryve.

SCENA IV.

GAYLER *with a dead man's head in a charger.* CASSANDRA.

Gay. This present wil be Galle I know, to fayre Cassandra,
Yet if she knewe as much as I, most swete I dare well say.
In good tyme, see where she doth come, to whome my arrand is,

Cas. Alas his hasty pace to me, showes somewhat is amys.
Gay. Fayre Cassandra my Lord Promos, commends him unto thee,
To keepe his word, who sayes from prison he sends thy brother free.
Cas. Is my Andrugio done to death? fye, fye, O faythles trust!
Gay. Be quiet Lady, law found his fault, then was his judgement just.
Cas. Wel my good friend, show Promos this, since law hath don this deed,
I thank him yet, he would vouchsaf on me my brothers head;
Loe this is all: now geve me leave to rew his losse alone.
Gay. I wyll performe your will, and wish you cease your mone.
Cas. Farewell.
Gay. I sure had showen what I had done, her tears I pittied so,
But that I wayde, that women seld do dye with greefe and woe:
And it behoves me to be secret, or else my neckeverse cun,
Well now to pack my dead man hence, it is hye tyme I run.
Cas. Is he past sight? then have I time to wayle my woes alone:
Andrugio, let mee kis thy lippes, yet ere I fall to mone.
O would that I could wast to teares, to wash this bloody face,
Which fortune farre beyond desart hath followed with disgrace.
O Promos falce, and most unkinde, both spoyld of love and ruth,
O Promos thou dost wound my hart, to thinke on thy untruth,
Whose plyghted fayth, is tournd to frawd, and words to works unjust.
Why doe I lyve unhappy wench, syth treason quites my trust?
O death devorse me wretch at once, from this same worldly lyfe.

But why do I not slay myselfe, for to appease thye stryfe?
Perhaps within this wombe of myne, another Promos is;
I so by death shalbe avengd of him in murthring his:
And ere I am assured that, I have revengd this deede,
Shall I dispatch my lothed life? that hast weare more than speede.
So Promos would triúmphe that none his Tiranny should know;
No, no this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not goe.
The king is just and mercyfull, he doth both heare and see:
See mens desarts, heare their complaynts, to Iudge with equity.
My wofull case with speede, I wyll unto his grace adresse,
And from the first, unto the last, the truth I wyll confesse.
So Promos thou, by that same lawe shalt lose thy hated breth,
Through breach whereof, thou didst condemne Andrugio unto death.
So doing yet, the world will say I broke Dianas lawes:
But what of that? no shame is myne, when truth hath showne my cause.
I am resolved, the king shall knowe of Promos injury:
Yet ere I goe, my brothers head, I wyll ingravéd see. [*Exit.*

SCENA V.

GAYLER. ANDRUGIO.

Gay. Andrugio, as you love our lives, forthwith post you away:
For Gods sake to no lyving friend, your safety yet bewraye:
The proverbe sayth, two may keepe counsell if that one be gone.
And. Assure thy selfe most faithful friend, I wylbe knowne to none.
To none alas, I see my scape yeeldes mee but small releefe:
Cassandra and Polina wyll destroye themselves, with greefe:
Through thought that I am dead: they dead, to live what helpeth me?
Gay. Leave of these plaints of smal availe, thank God that you are free,
For God it was, within my mind, that did your safety move,

And that same God, no doubt wyl worke for your and their behove.

And. Most faithful friend, I hope that God wyl worke as you do say,

And therefore, to some place unknowne I wyl my selfe convaye.

Gayler, farewel: for thy good deede, I must remayne thy debtor:

In meane whyle yet receyve this gift, tyll fortune sends a better.

Gay. God bwy sir, but kepe your mony, your need you do not know.

And. I pas not now for fortuns threats, yea though hir force she show,

And therfore styck not to receyve this smale reward in part.

Gay. I wyll not sure, such proffers leave, tys time you doe depart.

And. Since so thou wilt, I wylbe gone: adue tyl fortune smile. [*Exit.*

Gay. Syr, fare you wel, I wyl not fayle to pray for you the while.

Well, I am glad, that I have sent him gone,
For, by my fayth, I lyv'd in perlous feare:
And yet God wot, to see his bytter mone,
When he should dye, would force a man forbeare,
From harming him, if pitty might beare sway.
But see how God hath wrought for his safety?
A dead mans head, that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thou'ht dead, throughout the citie.
Such a just, good and righteous God is he:
Although awhyle he let the wicked raygne,
Yet he releeves, the wretch in misery;
And in his pryde, he throwes the tyraunt downe.
I use these wordes, upon this onely thought,
That Promos long his rod cannot escape;
Who hath in thought, a wylfull murder wrought,
Who hath in act performd a wicked rape.
Gods wyll be done, who well Andrugio speede;
Once well I hope, to heare of his good lucke;
For God thou knowest my conscience dyd this deede,
And no desire of any worldly muck. [*Exit.*

SCENA VI.

DALIA *from market.*

SCENA VII.

GRIMBALL, DALIA; *either of them a Basket.*

[Scene showing that the real evil is not abated.]

ACTUS V., SCENA I.

PHALLAX *alone.*

[Observes the troubled mind of Promos.]

SCENA II.

ROSKO, PHALLAX.

[Lamia's meat burns.]

SCENA III.

POLINA (*the mayde, that* ANDRUGIO *lov'd*) *in a blew gowne.*

[She laments and warns.]

But ah Polina, whether runnes thy words into advise,
When others harmes, inforst by love, could never make the wise.
The cause is plaine, for that in love, no reason stands in steade,
And reason is the onely meane, that others harmes we dreade.
Then, that the world hereafter may, to love inferre my yll,
Andrugio's Tombe with dayly teares, Polina worship wyll:
And furthermore I vowde, whylst life in mee doth foster breth
No one shall vaunt of conquered love, by my Andrugio's death.
These shamefull weedes, which forst I were that men my fault may know,

Whilst that I live, shall show I morne for my Andrugio.
I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes, from sugred words I sent,
I wyll not trust to careles othes, which often wyn consent:
I wyll cut off occasions all, which hope of myrth may move;
With ceasles teares yle quench each cause, that kindleth coles of love:
And thus tyl death, Polina wyll estraunge her selfe from joy,
Andrugio, to reward thy love which dyd thy life destroy.
[*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

Rosko *alone*

[Lamia prospering sheltered by Phallax. Rosko will empty the purse of his old friend Grymball; if he do not, Dalia will.]

SCENA V.

Grymball, Rowke, Rosko.

[A scene of clown-play, in which Grymball's purse is cut by Rowke while Rosko is keeping Grymball's eyes shut by washing his face.]

SCENA VI.

Cassandra *in blacke.*

Cas. The heavy charge, that Nature bindes me too
I have perform'd, ingrav'd my Brother is:
I wouldе to God (to ease my ceaseles woo)
My wretched bones, intombed were with his,
But O in vaine, this bootelesse wish I use,
I, poore I must lyve in sorrowe, joynde with shame.
And shall he lyve? that dyd us both abuse?
And quench through rule, the coles of just revenge?
O no: I wyll nowe hye me to the King;
To whome I wyll recount my wretched state;
Lewde Promos rape, my Brothers death, and all:
And (though with shame, I maye this tale relate)
To proove that force, enforcéd me to fall.
When I have showne, Lorde Promos fowle misdeedes,
This knife foorthwith, shall ende my woe and shame:

My gored harte, which at his feete then bleedes,
To scorge his faultes, the King wyll more inflame.
In deedes to doo, that I in woordes pretende,
I nowe advise, my journey, to the King :
Yet ere I go, as Swans sing at their ende
In solemne Song, I meane my knell to ryng.

CASSANDRAES SONG.

Sith fortune thwart, doth crosse my joyes with care,
Sith that my blisse, is chaunged to bale by fate :
Sith frowarde chaunce, my dayes in woe doth weare,
Sith I alas, must mone without a mate ;
I wretch have vowde, to sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

Come grieslie griefe, torment this harte of mine,
Come deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath :
Come wretched woe, my thought at hoge to pine,
Come, cruell care, preferre my suite to death :
Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight. Exit.

THE SECONDE PARTE OF THE HISTORIE OF PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

ACTUS I., SCENA I.

POLINA *in a blewe Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet, going to the Temple to praye, upon* ANDRUGIOS *Tombe.*

SCENA II.

Enter a MESSENGER *from the King.*

I have at length (though weery come in troth)
Obtaynd a sight of Julios stately walles:
A Kings message, can not be done with sloth:
Whome he bids goe, must runne through myre and dyrt:
And I am sent to Lord Promos in post,
To tel him that the king wyll see him strayght;
But much I feare that Promos needes not bost,
Of any gayne by his soveraygnes receyte.
But Holla tongue, of lavysh speeche beware.
Though subjects oft in Princes meaning prye,
They must their words, and not their myndes declare,
Unto which course I wyll my tongue apply,
Lord Promos shall my princes comming know,
My prince himselfe, the cause thereof shall show.

SCENA III.

ROSKO, LAMIAS *man.*

SCENA IV.

PHALLAX. DOWSON, *a Carpenter.*

[Preparation of shows to greet the coming of the King.]

SCENA V.

The BEDELL *of the Taylers*, PHALLAX.

SCENA VI.

PHALLAX. *Two men, apparrelled, lyke greene men at the Mayor feast, with clubbes of fyreworke.*

SCENA VII.

ROSKO. PHALLAX.

[Phallax will make merry in the house of Lamia.]

SCENA VIII.

CORVINUS *the King*, CASSANDRA, *two counsellers, and* UDISTAO, *a young nobleman.*

King. Cassandra, we draw neare unto the Towne,
So that I wyll that you from us depart,
Tyll further of our pleasure you doe heare.
Yet rest assur'd, that wycked Promos,
Shall abide such punishment, as the world
Shall hould me just, and cleare thee of offence.

Cas. Dread soveraigne, as you wyl, Cassandra goeth hence. [*Exit.*

King. I playnely see, it tendes to great behove
That prynces oft doo vayle their eares to heare,
The Misers playnt: for though they doe appoynt
Such as they thynke will Iustice execute,
Auctority is such a commaunder,
As, whereas men by office beareth sway,
If they their rule by conscience measure not,
The poore mans ryght is overcome by might:
If love or hate from Iustice leade the Iudge,
Then money sure may overrule the case.
Thus one abuse is cause of many moe,
And therefore none in Iudges ought to be.
How Rulers wrong, fewe tales are tould the King:
The reason is, their power keepes in awe
Such men as have great cause for to complayne.
If Cassandra her goodes, nay, lyfe preferd
Before revenge of Promos trechery,
I had not knowne, his détestable rape,
The which he forst to save her brothers lyfe.
And furthermore, Andrugios raunsome payde,

I had not knowne he put him unto death:
For when (good soule) she had this treason tould,
Through very shame her honour so was spoyld,
She drew her knyfe to wound her selfe to death,
Whose pytious plyght, my hart provockt to wrath
At Promos wyles:
So that to use indifferency to both,
Even in the place where all these wronges were done;
Myselfe am come, to syt upon the cause.
But see where Promos and the Mayor waight
To welcome mee with great solemnity:
With cheereful showe I shadowe wyll the hate.
I beare to him for his insolency;
Perhaps I may learne more of his abuse,
Whereby the more his punishment may be.
Come my Lords, to the Towne haste we apace.

All speake. We all are prest. to wayght upon your Grace.

SCENA IX.

PROMOS, MAIOR, *three Aldermen in red Gownes, with a Sworde-bearer, awayghtes the Kinges comming.*

PROMOS, *his briefe Oration.*

Pro. Renowned King, lo here your faithful subjects preast to show
The loyall duetie which (in right) they to your highnesse owe.
Your presence, cheares all sorts of us; yet ten times more we joye
You thinke us stoarde, our warning short, for to receyve a Roye.
Our wyll, is such, as shall supplie, I trust, in us all want,
And where good wyll the welcome geves, provysion syld is scant,
Loe, this is all; yea, for us all, that I in wordes bestowe,
Your Majestie, our further zeale, in ready deedes shall knowe.
And first, dreade King, I render you, the swoorde of Iustice heare,
Which as your Lieutenant I trust, uprightlie I dyd beare.

The KING *delyvers the Sworde, to one of his Counsell.*

King. Promos, the good report, of your good government
I heare,
Or at the least, the good conceyte that towards you I
beare;
To incourage you the more, in Iustice to persever,
Is the cheefe cause, I dyd addresse, my Progresse hether.
Pro. I thanke your highnesse.

The MAIOR *presentes the* KING *with a fayre Purse.*

Maior. Renowned King, our ready wylles to showe,
In your behalfe, our goodes (may lyves) to spende;
In all our names, I freelie here bestowe
On your Highnes this Purse: unto this ende,
To possesse your most royall Majestie,
In all our wealth, thereto bounde by duetie.
King. Your great good wyls, and gyfts with thankes I
take;
But keepe you styll, your goodes, to do you good.
It is inough, and all that I do crave,
If needes compels for your and our safety,
That you in part your proffers large performe;
And for this time as outward showes make proofe,
It is inough (and all that I desire),
That your hartes and tongues (alyk) byd me welcome.
All. Lord preserve your Majesty.

Five or sixe, the one halfe men, the other women, neare unto the Musick, singing on some stage erected from the ground. During the first parte of the song, the KING *faineth to talke sadlie with some of his Counsell.*

The Kings Gentleman Usher. Forwards my Lordes.

They all go out leysurablie while the rest of the Song is made an ende.

ACTUS II., SCENA I.

LAMIA *the Curtizan.*

SCENA II.

APIO *and* BRUNO, *two Gentlemen strangers, with* ROSKO.

Enter a SERGEAUNT *bearing a Mace, another* OFFICER, *with a Paper, lyke a Proclamation; and with them the* CRYER.

Off. Cryer, Make a noyse.
Cry. O yes. *And so thrise.*
Off. All manner of personnes, here present,
Cry. All manner of personnes, here present,
Off. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment.
Cry. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment.

The OFFICER *reads the Proclamation.*

Corvinus, the hye and mightie King of Hungarie and Boemia: Unto all his loving Subjects of Julio, sendeth greeting. And therewithall, giveth knowledge of his Princelie favour towards every sort of them. First, if any person, Officer, or other, hath wronged any of his true subjects, by the corruption of brybes, affecting or not favouring of the person, through Usurie, extortion, wrong imprisonment, or with any unjust practise, His Majestie wylles the partie so grieved to repayre to Syr Ulrico, one of his highnesse privie Counsell; who (finding his or their injuries) is commaunded to certifie them, and their proofe unto the Kings majestie; where incontinentlie he wyll order the controversie, to the release of the partie grieved, and the punishment of the offenders. Further, if any of his faithfull subjectes can charge any person, Officer, or other, with any notable or haynous offence, Treason, Murder, Sacriledge, sedicion, or with any such notorious cryme; for the safetie of his Royal person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme and subjectes, on Fridaye next, his most excellent Majestie (with the advise of his honorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt, to heare and determine all such offences. Therfore he strayghtlie chargeth all and everie of his subjectes that knowe any such haynous offenders, one the forenamed daye, that he present both the

offender and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court, in Julio, the 6 of Februarie.

GOD save the KING. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

ROSKO.

Ros. See howe we are crost: we thought the King for pleasure,
Came to visite us: when to his paine,
And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure,
To heare the wronges, of such as wyll complayne
Of any man: But the sport is to see
Us officers, one looke of another;
I at Lorde Promos, Lorde Promos at mee;
The Lawiers at the Shriefe and Maior.
They gase asmuch on the ruling Lawier;
For to be plaine, the clearest of all,
Peccavi syng, to heare the grievous call,
Against Usurie, brybrie, and barrating,
Suborning, extorcion, and boulstring.
Some faultes are heardc, some by Proclamation staye,
Before the King, to be hearde on Fridaye,
I yet have scapte, and hope to go scot free:
But so, or no, whilst leysure serves mee,
To have my aunswers fresh if I be cauld,
Of merry mates, I have a meetyng stauld,
To whome my seneces to refresh I wend:
Who gets a pace as meryly may spend. [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

SIR ULRICO *with divers papers in his hand, two poore Citysiens, soliciting complayntes.*

[Complaints against injustice of Phallax. Comment on false officers and judges.]

ACTUS III., SCENA I.

PHALLAX.

[Will put a good face on his troubles.]

SCENA II.

GRIPAX, RAPAX, *Promoters*, JOHN ADROYNES, *a Clowne*, PHALLAX.

Enter the KING, PROMOS, ULRICO, MAIOR, GONSAGO, PHALLAX, *with two other attendants.*

King. Sir Gonsago, if that we henceforth heare,
With will, or wealth, you doe our subjects wrong,
Looke not agayne, this favour for to fynde;
We use this grace, to wyn you to amende:
If not our wrath shall feare you to offende.
God speede you. [GONSAGO *doth reverence and departeth.*
King. I see by proofe, that true the proverbe is,
Myght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,
As woundes the conscience, of his Maister,
And devoures the hart of his poore neyghbour,
To cure which sore, Iustice his pryde must pyne,
Which Iustice ought in princes most to shine:
And syth subjects lyve by their Princes law,
Whose laws in cheefe, the rytch should keep in awe:
The poore in wronges, but sildome doth delyght,
They have inuffe, for to defend their right:
It much behoves the maker of these lawes,
(This mony finds in them, so many flawes)
To see his lawes, observ'd as they are ment,
Or else good lawes, wyll turn to evyll intent.
Well, ere I leave, my poorest subjects shall,
Both lyve and lyke, and by the richest stawll.
Pro. Regarded and most mightie Prince, your clemency herein,
Those harts your rule commands through feare, to faithful love shall win.
Ul. Renowmed King, I am for to complaine,
Of Phallax, Lord Promos secondary,
Whose hainous wronges many poore men doth paine,
By me, who pray, your highnes remedy.
King. My Lord Promos, it seemes you rule at large,
When as your clarkes are officers unjust.
Pro. Dread King, I thinke he can these wrong discharge.
King. Doe you but thinke syr? a sure speare to trust?
A dum death and blynde judge can do as much:

Well, well, God graunt, your owne lyfe byde the tuch.
Syr Ulrico, your complaynt continew.

Ul. Gratious King, his wronges be these, in few.
Fyrst, Phallax, is a common Barriter,
In office, a lewd extortioner.
The crafty man, oft puts these wronges in use,
If poore men have that lykes his searching eye.
He showeth gould, the needy souls to lure:
Which if they take, so fast he doth them tye,
That by some bonde or coveaunt forfayted,
They are inforst (farre beneath the vallew)
To let him have what his eye coveyted:
And for to prove, that this report is true,
I showe no more, then witnesse prov'd by oth,
Whose names and handes, defends it heare as troth.

[ULRICO *delivers the King a writing with names at it.*

King. How now Promos? how thinke you of your man?
Use both your wyttes, to cleare him if you can.

Pro. Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doth bleede.

King. How far'de it then, to suffer it indeede?
It dyde, I trowe, or now you speake in jest.
Thy Master's mute Phallax, I houlde it best
That thou speake for thyselfe.

Phal. I humbly crave
Of your grace, for aunswere, respyt to have.

King. Why? to devise a cloke to hyde a knave?
Friend, *veritas non quærit angulos,*
And if yourselfe you on your truth repose,
You may be bould, these faultes for to deny:
Some, lyttel care, upon their othes to lye:
See if any in your behalfe will sweare.

Phal. O Lord God, is there no knyghtes of the peste heare?
Well, then of force, I must sing *Peccavi,*
And crye out ryght, to the King for mercy,

O King, I am in faulte, I must confesse,
The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.

King. Thy confession doth meryt some favour
But repentaunce payes not thy poore neyghbour:

Wherefore, Syr Ulrico, his goods sease you,
And those, he wrong'd, restore you to their due.
Ul. Looke what he gettes, most thinke he wastes straight waye
Upon a leawde harlot named Lamia:
So that his goods, wyll scarce pay every wight.
King. Where naught is left, the king must lose his right.
Pay as you may, I hould it no offence
If eache pay somewhat for experience:
But by the way, you rule the citty well
That suffer, by your nose, such dames to dwell.
And now Phallax, thy further pennaunce ys,
That forthwith thou do resigne thy office.
Ulrico, to his account lykewise see.
Ul. It shalbe done.
King. Phallax, further heare me:
Because thou didst, thy faultes at first confesse
From punishment, thy person I release.
Phal. I most humbly do thanke your majesty.
Pro. Ah, out alas, Cassandra heare I see.

CASSANDRA *in a blewe gowne, shadowed with black.*

Cas. O would that teares, myght tel my tale, I shame so much my fall,
Or else Lord Promos lewdnes showen, would death would ende my thrall!
Pro. Welcome my sweete Cassandra.
Cas. Murderous varlet, away,
Renowmed King, I pardon crave for this my bould attempt,
In preasing thus so neare your grace, my sorrow to present:
And least my foe, false Promos heare, do interrupt my tale,
Graunt gratious King, that uncontrould I may report my bale.
King. How now Promos? how lyke you, of this song?
Say on fayre dame, I long to heare thy wrong.
[She tells her story.]
King. If this be true, so fowle a deede shall not unpunisht goe,
How sayst thou Promos to her playnte? art giltye? yea, or noe?
Why speakst thou not? a faulty harte, thy scilence sure doth showe.

Pro. My gilty hart commaunds my tongue, O king, to
tell a troth,
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserve thy wrath.
King. And is it so? this wicked deede thou shalt ere long
buy deare.
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of good cheere:
Thy forced fault, was free from evil intent,
So long, no shame, can blot thee any way:
And though at ful I hardly can content thee
Yet as I may, assure thyselfe I wyl.
Thou wycked man, might it not thee suffice,
By worse then force, to spoyle her chastitie,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
Haste cruelly her brother done to death.
This over proofe, ne can but make me thinke
That many waies thou hast my subjectes wronged;
For how canst thou with Iustice use thy swaie?
When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe?
Thy tyranny made mee, this progresse make,
How so, for sport tyll now I colloured it
Unto this ende, that I might learne at large
What other wronges by power, thou hast wrought,
And heere, I heare: the Riche suppresse the poore:
So that it seemes, the best and thou art friendes:
I plaste thee not, to be a partiall Iudge.
Thy Offycers are covetous, I finde,
By whose reportes, thou over-rulest sutes:
Then who that gives an Item in the hande,
In ryght, and wrong, is sure of good successe.
Well, Varlet, well: too slowe I hether came,
To scourge thy faultes, and salve the sores thou mad'st.
On thee vyle wretche, this sentence I pronounce;
That forthwith thou shalt marry Cassandra,
For to repayre hir honour, thou dydst waste:
The next daye thou shalt lose thy hated lyfe,
In penaunce, that thou mad'st her Brother dye.
Pro. My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me
mercie,
That nowe with bloody sighes, lament my sinnes too late.
King. Hoc facias alteri quod tibi vis fieri:
Pitie was no plee Syr, when you in judgement sate:

Prepare your selfe to dye, in vaine you hope for lyfe.
My Lordes, bring him with mee: Cassandra come you in like case;
My selfe wyll see, thy honour salv'd, in making thee his Wife,
The sooner to shorten his dayes.
All the company. We wayte upon your Grace.

As the King is going out, a Poore man shall kneele in his waye.

King. Syr Ulrico, I wyld, Commission should be made,
To Syr Anthony Alberto, and Justice Diron,
To heare and determine, all sutes to be had
Betweene Maister Prostro, and this poore man: is it done?
Ul. Renowned King, it is ready.
King. Repayre to Syr Ulrico, for thy Commission.
All. God preserve your Majestie.
[*They all depart save the* CLOWNE.
Clowne. Bones of me, a man were better speak to great Lords chy see,
Then to our proud Justlers of peace, that byn in the cuntry:
He that is rytch, as my dame sayth, goes away with the Hare,
This two yeere, they have hard my matter, and yet cham nere the neere.
And at first dash, a good fatte Lorde, God in heaven save his life,
Fayth, for nothing, teld the King of Mas Prostros, and my stryfe.
O Leard, ych thought the King could not bide on poore men to looke;
But God save his Grace, at first dash, my Supplycation he tooke.
And you hard, how gently he called mee poore man, and wild me goe
For my Pasport, I kenne not what, to good syr Ulrico.
Well, chull go fort, and hope to be with Master Prostros to bring;
Bet ere ych goe, chul my Ballat, of good King Corvine sing.

THE CLOWNES SONG.

You Barrons bolde, and lustie Lads,
Prepare to welcome, our good King,

Whose comming so, his subjectes glads
As they for joye, the Belles doo ryng.
They fryske, and skippe, in everie place,
And happy he, can see his face.
Who checks the ryotch, that wrong hy wight,
And helpes the poore, unto his right.

The love that ryggour getteth through feare,
With grace and mercie, he doth wyn;
For which we praye thus, everie where,
Good Lorde preserve, our King Corvin.
His favour raignes, in everie place,
And happy he, can see his face. [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV., SCENA I.

GRESCO, *a good substantiall Officer, Two Beadelles in Blew Coates, with Typestaves.*

Gres. Come, loytring knaves, speede about your businesse:
Fetche mee in, all ydle vacabounides.
First. Yes syr, yes.
Gres. Searche Ducke alley, Cocke lane, and Scouldes corner,
About your charge, lets see, how you can sturre.
. . . . . .
Gres. The King, I fayth, hath set us all a worke.
. . . . . .

SCENA II.

ANDRUGIO, *as out of the woodde, with Bowe and Arrowes, and a cony at his gyrdle.*

And. This savage life were hard to brooke, if hope no comfort gave;
But I (whose life, from tyrants wrath, Gods providence did save),
Do take in worth this misery, as penaunce for my mys;
Stil fed with hope to chaunge this state, when Gods good pleasure is.

A hollow Cave for house, and bed, in worth Andrugio takes,
Such sorie foode, as fortune sendes, he syldome nowe forsakes.
I am my selfe forsoothe, nowe Butcher, Cooke, Cater and all,
Yet, often tymes I fall to sleepe, with none, or supper small.
Then in my Denne, I call to minde, the lyfe I lyv'de in blisse:
And by the want I freedome judge, the greatest joy that is.
The freeman is in viewe of friendes, to have release in neede:
The exyle, though he have no lacke, yet lyves he styll in dreede
That his mysdeedes, wyll hardly scape, the punishment of lawe,
And lyving, he were better dead, that lyveth in this awe.
Besides this feare, which never fayles, the banisht man in want,
As ofte he is, is sure to finde his succor's verie scant.
Then who is he so mad, that friendes, and freedome doth enjoye?
That wyll adventure breach of lawe, to lyve in this annoye?
And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn:
Great be the cares, Cassandra, and Polina lyveth in,
Through thought of me, whom long agone, beheaded they suppose,
For my offence thus are they scorgde, yet dare I not disclose
My safetie, for their helpe: but harke, who commeth here?
This chaunce seemes strange: God graunt good newes, I hope, and yet I feare.

JOHN ANDROYNES *a Clowne*, ANDRUGIO.

[From the Clown, who is looking for his mare, Andrugio hears of what has happened.]

ANDRUGIOS SONG.

To thee O Lord, with hart, and voyce I syng,
Whose mercie great, from mone to sweet delight;
From griefe to joye, my troubled soule doest bring.

You, more thy wrath, hath foylde my foe in sight,
Who sought my life (which thou O God dulst save)
Thy scorge hath brought, untimely to his grave.
Whose griefe wyll gawle, a thousande Judges moe,
And wyll them see, themselves, and sentence just,
When blacke reproche, this thundring shame shall shoe,
A Judge condemde for murder, theft, and lust.
This scorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring,
The just for joy, thy praises lowde wyll sing. [*Exit.*

GRESCO, *with three other, with bylles, bringing in* LAMIA *prisoner.*

CASSANDRA.

Cas. Unhappy Wench, the more I seeke, for to abandone griefe,
The furder off, I wretched finde, both comfort and reliefe.
My Brother first, for wanton faultes, condempned was to dye:
To save whose life, my sute, wrought hope of Grace, but haples I,
By such request, my honour spoyld, and gayned not his breath;
For which deceyte, I have pursude, Lorde Promos unto death,
Who is my Husbande nowe become, it pleased our Soveraigne so,
For to repayre, my crased Fame: but that now works my wo.
This day, he must (oh) leese his head my Brother's death to quite,
And therin Fortune hath alas, showne me hir greatest spyte.
Nature wyld mee, my Brother love, now dutie commaunds mee,
To preferre before kyn, or friend, my Husband's safetie.
But O, aye me, by Fortune, I am made his chiefest foe;
Twas I alas, even onely I, that wrought his ouerthroe.
What shall I doo, to work amends, for this my haynous deede?
The tyme is short, my power small, his succors axeth speede.
And shall I seeke to save his blood that lately sought his lyfe?

O yea, I then was sworne his foe; but nowe as faithfull Wife,
I must and wyll, preferre his health, God sende me good successe,
For nowe unto the King I wyll, my chaunged minde to expresse. [*Exit.*

PHALLAX.

Phal. . . . . . .
Fie, fie, the Citie is so purged nowe,
As they of none, but honest men allowe;
So that farewell my parte, of thriving there:
But the best is, flattrers lyve everie where.
. . . . . .

ACTUS V., SCENA I.

ANDRUGIO, *disguised in some long blacke Cloake.*

And. These two dayes, I have bene in Court disguis'd,
Where I have learnd, the scorge that is devis'd
For Promos faulte, he my syster spowsed hath,
To salve hir Fame, crackt by his breache of fayth.
And shortlie he must lose his subtyll head,
For murdring me, whome no man thinkes but dead,
His wyll was good, and therfore beshrewe mee
If (mov'd with ruthe) I seeke to set him free.
But softlie, with some newes, these fellowes come:
I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

SCENA II.

Enter ULRICO, MARSHALL.

Ul. Marshall, heare your warrant is; with speede,
The king commaundes, that Promos you behead.
Mar. Sir, his highnesse wyll shalbe forthwith done.
[*Exit* MARSHALL.
Ul. The king welnye to pardon him was wonne,
His heavy wyfe, such stormes of tears did showre,
As myght, with rueth, have moyst a stony hart.
But Promos guylt, dyd soone this grace devoure.
Our gratious king, before hir wretched smart,

Preferd the helth, of this our common weale:
But see againe, to sue for him she comes.
Her ruthfull lookes, her greefe, doth force mee feele
With hope, I must hir sorrowes needes delay,
Tyll Promos, be dispatcht out of the way.

SCENA III.

CASSANDRA.

Cas. Syr Ulrico, if that my unknowne greefe,
May move good mindes, to helpe mee to releefe,
Or bytter syghes, of comfort cleane dismayde,
May move a man, a shiftless dame to ayde:
Rue of my teares, from true intent which flowe,
Unto the king, with me, yet once more goe.
See if his grace, my husbands lyfe will save,
If not, with his, death shall my corps ingrave.

Ul. What shall I doe, her sorrowes to decreace?
Feede her with hope: fayre dame, this mone surceace:
I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
We once agayne thy sorrowes wyll present:
Come we wyl wayght for tyme, thy sute to show.

Cas. Good knight, for time do not my sute foreslowe
Whylst guasse doth growe, ofte sterves the seely steede.

Ul. Feare not, your Lorde shal not dye with such speede.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANDRUGIO.

And. Lord God, how am I tormented in thought?
My sisters woe, such ruth in me doth grave,
As fayne I would (if ought save death I caught)
Bewray my selfe, Lord Promos life to save.
But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
If that I should, my safety now disclose;
So that I chuse, of both the evels, he dye:
Time wyll appease, no dought, Cassandras woes.
And shal I thus acquite Cassandra's love?
To worke her joy? and shal I feare to dye?
Whylst, that she lyve, no comfort may remove
Care from her harte, if that hir husband dye?
Then shall I stycke, to hasard lym? nay life?
To salve hir greefe, since in my cure it rests.

Nay first, I wilbe spoyld, with blooddy knife,
Before I fayle her, plunged in distres.
Death is but death, and all in fyne shall dye:
Thus (being dead) my fame, shall live alway:
Well, to the king, Andrugio now wyll hye,
Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety, to bewray. [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

The MARSHALL; *three or foure with halbards leading* PROMOS *to execution.*

Byl. Roome friends; what mean you thus to gaze on us? [*A Bylman.*
A comes behinde, makes all the sport I wus.

Pro. Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
Disdaine my life, but lysten to my ende;
Fresh harmes, they say, the viewers so apall,
As oft they win, the wicked to amend.
I neede not heare, my faultes at large resyte,
Untimely death, doth witnesse what I was;
A wicked man, which made eache wrong seeme right,
Even as I would, was wrested every case.
And thus long tyme, I lyv'd and rul'd by wyl:
Where as I lov'd, their faultes I would not see:
Those I did hate, tenne tymes beyond there yll
I did pursue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
Yea dayly I, from bad to worse did slyde,
The reason was, none durst controule my life;
But see the fall of mischeeve, in his pride:
My faultes were knowne, and loe, with bloddy Axe
The headsemen straight, my wronges with death wyll quite;
The which in worth I take, acknowledging,
The doome was geven on cause, and not on spyte;
Wishing my ende, might serve for a warning,
For such as rule, and make their will a lawe:
If to such good, my faynting tale might tend,
Wretched Promos, the same would longer draw;
But if that wordes prevayle, my wofull ende
From my huge faultes, then tenne tymes more wyll warne.
Forgevenesse now, of all the world I crave;
Therewith that you, in zealous prayer, wyll

Beseeche of God, that I the grace may have,
At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyll.
Mar. Forwards my Lord, me thinkes you fayntly goe.
Pro. O syr, in my case your selfe would be as slowe.

Enter CASSANDRA, POLINA, *and one mayde.*

Cas. Aye alas! my hope is untimely,
Whether goes my good Lord?
Pro. Sweete wife, to dye.
Cas. O wretched wench, where may I first complayne:
When heaven, and earth, agrees upon my payne?
Pro. This mone good wife, for Chrystes sake, forsake;
I late resolv'd, through feare of death, now quake;
Not so much, for my haynous sinnes forepast;
As for the greefe that present thou dost tast.
Cas. Nay, I vile wretch, should most agreeved be,
Before thy time, thy death which hastened have:
But (O sweete husband) my fault forgeve mee,
And for amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy grave.
Pro. Forgeve thee, ah: nay, for my soules releefe.
Forget sweete wyfe, this thy most guyltless greefe.
Mar. My Lord Promos, these playntes, but move hir mone,
And your more greefe, it is best you ware gone.
Good Maddame way, by lawe your Lord doth dye,
Wherefore make vertue of necessity:
Delay, but workes your sorrowes, and our blames,
So that now, to the comfort of these dames,
And your wisdome, inforced, we leave you:
My Lord Promos, byd your wife and friends adew.
Pro. Farewell, farewell, be of good cheare deare wyfe:
With joy for woe, I shall exchange this life.
Andrugios death, Polina forgeve mee.
Pol. I doe, and pray the Lord, to releeve yee.
Cas. Yet ere we part, sweete husband let us kis,
O, at his lyppes, why fayleth not my breath?
Pro. Leave mone, swete wife, I do deserve this death.
Farewell, farewell.

They all depart, save POLINA, CASSANDRA, *and her woman.*

Cas. My loving Lorde, farewell.

I hope, ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.
Pol. Now, good Madame, leave of this bootelesse griefe.
Cas. O Polina, sorrowe is my reliefe,
Wherfore, sweete wenche, helpe me to rue my woe,
With me vyle wretche, thy bytter plaintes bestowe;
To hasten lyngring death, who wanteth might,
I see, alone, to sley, the wretched wight.
Pol. Nay, first powre foorth your playnts, to the powers Divine,
When hate, doth clowde, all worldly grace, whose mercies styll do shine.;
Cas. O, so or no, thy motion doeth well,
Swan lyke, in song, to towle my passing Bell.

The Song of CASSANDRA.

Deare dames, divorse your minds from joy, helpe to bewayle my wo,
Condole with me, whose heavy sighs, the pangs of death do shoe:
Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wench distrest, to hast the means to dye,
Whose joye, annoy; reliefe, whose griefe, hath spoyld with crueltie.

My brother slaine, my husband ah, at poynt to lose his head,
Why lyve I then unhappy wench, my succours being dead?
O time, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that judged them thus to dye;
I blame you all, my shame, my thrall, you hate that harmelesse trye.

This Tragidy they have begun, conclude I wretched must,
O welcome care, consume the thread, thereto my life doth trust:
Sound bell, my knell, away delaie, and geve mee leave to dye,
Lest hope, have scope unto my hart, afresh for ayde to flye.

Enter GANIO *sometime* ANDRUGIOS *Boye.*

Gan. O sweete newes, for Polina and Cassandra.
Andrugio lyves.
Pol. What doth poore Ganio saye?
Gan. Andrugio lyves: and Promos is reprivd.
Cas. Vaine is thy hope, I sawe Andrugio dead.
Gan. Well, then from death, he is againe revyv'd
Even nowe, I sawe him, in the market stead.
Pol. His wordes are straunge.
Cas. Too sweete, God wot, for true.
Gan. I praye you, who are these here in your view?
Cas. The King.
Gan. Who more?
Pol. O, I see Andrugio.
Cas. And I my Lorde Promos, adue sorrowe.

Enter the KING, ANDRUGIO, PROMOS, ULRICO, *the* MARSHALL.

Pol. My good Andrugio!
And. My sweete Polina!
Cas. Lyves Andrugio, welcome sweete brother.
And. Cassandra?
Cas. I.
And. Howe fare, my deare Syster?
King. Andrugio, thou shalt have more leysure.
To greete one another: it is our pleasure,
That you forthwith, your fortunes here declare,
And by what meanes, you thus preserved weare.
And. My fault, through love, and judgment for my faulte,
Lorde Promos wronges, unto my Sister done,
My death supposde, dreade King, were vaine to tell.
Cassandra heare, those dealinges all hath showne,
The rest are these.
When I should dye, the Gayler mov'd to ruth,
Declar'd to mee, what Promos pleasure was:
Amazde whereat, I tolde him all the trueth,
What, betweene Cassandra, and hym did passe.
He much agriev'd Lord Promos guylt to heare,
Was verie lothe, mee (wofull man) to harme:
At length, just God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
With this defence, his wylling minde did arme.

Two dayes afore, to death, were divers done,
For severall faultes, by them committed;
So that of them, he tooke the heade from one,
And so to Cassandra, the same presented,
Affirming it, to be hir brothers head.
Which done, by night, he sent me post away,
None but supposed, that I in deede was dead,
When as in trueth, in uncouth hauntes I laye.
In fine, a Clowne, came peaking through the wood
Wherin I lyv'd, your Graces being here;
And Promos death, by whome I understood,
Glad of which newes, howe so I lyvd in feare,
I ventured to see his wretched fall:
To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
I hether came: but loe, the inwarde thrall
Of Cassandra, the hate, so sore dismayde,
Which I conceyved agaynst my brother Promos,
That loe, I chews'd, to yeeld myselfe to death
To set him free; for otherwyse I knew
His death ere long, would sure have stopt her breath.
Loe gratious king, in breefe I here have showne,
Such adventures, as wretched I have past;
Beseeching you with grace to thinke upon,
The wight that wayles his follyes at the last.
King. A strange discourse, as straungely come to light,
Gods pleasure is, that thou should'st pardoned be:
To salve the fault, thou with Polina mad'st,
But marry her, and heare I set thee free.
And. Most gratious Prince, thereto I gladly gree.
Pol. Polina, the happiest newes of all for thee.
Cas. Most gratious King, with these my joye to match,
Vouchsafe, to geve my dampned husbande lyfe.
King. If I doo so, let him thanke thee, his Wife.
Cassandra, I have noted thy distresse,
Thy vertues eke, from first unto the last;
And glad I am, without offence it lyes,
In me to ease, thy griefe, and heavines.
Andrugio sav'd, the juell of thy joye,
And for thy sake, I pardon Promos faulte,
Yea let them both, thy vertues rare commende,
In that their woes, with this delyght doth ende.

Com. God preserve your Majestie.
Pro. Cassandra, howe shall I discharge thy due?
Cas. I dyd, but what a Wife, shoulde do for you.
King. Well, since all partes are pleased, as they woulde,
Before I parte, yet Promos, this to thee:
Henceforth, forethinke, of thy forepassed faultes,
And measure Grace, with Justice evermore.
Unto the poore, have evermore an eye,
And let not might, out countenaunce their right:
Thy Officers, trust not in every tale,
In cheife, when they are meanes, in strifes and sutes,
Though thou be just, yet coyne maye them corrupt.
And if by them, thou dost unjustice showe,
Tys thou shalt beare, the burden of their faultes.
Be loving to good Cassandra, thy Wife:
And friendlie to thy brother Andrugio,
Whom I commaund, as faythfull for to be
To thee, as beseemes the duety of a brother.
And now agayne, thy government receyve,
Injoye it so, as thou in Iustice joye.
If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse.
The lost sheepe founde, for joye, the feast was made.
Well here an ende, of my advise I make,
As I have sayde, be good unto the poore,
And Iustice joyne, with mercie evermore.
Pro. Most gratious King, I wyll not fayle my best,
In these preceptes, to followe your beheast.

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